C-221-5-6

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 39 MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 23, 1904. 30 Cts. Per A[illegible] Paid.

Mr. Wm. Ironsconbe 830 Dorchester

Saved on a Plank.

I was travelling, some years ago, by coach. I had an outside seat; and, although it was late in the evening, one of the passengers, a sea-captain, tried to excite the attention of the drowsy company by giving a relation of his own adventures.

He had been to sea in a fine ship; in a dreadful storm. His vessel had been wrecked, and every soul on board, except himself and one or two sailors, had been lost. He had saved his life by holding on to a plank, and was at the mercy of the waves for a considerable time.

The company were greatly interested; they pitied the unfortunate captain, who was returning home entirely destitute; but they all wondered that a man telling of an escape almost miraculous, should confirm almost every sentence with an oath. Nothing, however, was said to him.

At one of the stages, when the coach stopped to change horses, Mr. Benn, one of the passengers, proposed to the captain to walk on with him, and let the coach overtake them. The proposal was agreed to. As they walked, Mr. Benn said, 'Did I understand you last night that you had lost your ship?'

'Yes.'

'That all your crew were drowned except yourself and one or two sailors?'

'Yes.'

'That you saved your life on a plank?'

'Yes.'

'Forgive me, then, for asking you one question more. When on that plank, did you not vow to God that, if he would spare you, you would lead a very different kind of life?'

'None of your business,' said the captain, angrily.

The coach by this time came up, and they got up outside. The day passed on without anything occurring to break the journey, and towards evening, as the coach was nearing their destination, the captain excused himself from joining the rest of the passengers at supper, as he had no money. Mr. Benn took from his pocket a handsome sum, and offered it to him.

'No,' said the captain, 'I am poor, yet I am no beggar.'

'But,' replied Mr. Benn, 'I do not give it to you as to a beggar, but as to an unfortunate brother.'

There was a kindness in Mr. Benn's manner which could not be mistaken. The captain could not refuse the gift, but he took it awkwardly and ungraciously, as if he was half ashamed of accepting a benefit.

The company supped together, and the captain wished them good evening, after having asked Mr. Benn when he would leave. He was informed, on the morrow at sunrise.

The captain went home with a heavy heart, while Mr. Benn retired to rest, thankful that he had helped a suffering brother.

He was surprised the next morning at daylight to hear someone rap at his door. He opened it, and beheld the captain standing before him in tears. The captain took his hand, pressed it, and said:

'Sir, I have not slept a wink since I saw you. I was very angry with you yesterday. I am now come to ask your pardon. I did, while on that plank, vow to God that I would live differently from what I ever have done, and by God's help, from this time forward, I am determined to do so.'

The captain could not proceed. They pressed each other's hands and parted, probably to meet no more in this world.—'Friendly Greetings.'

'The common problem—yours, mine, everyone's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be—but finding just
What may be, then find how to make it fair,
Up to our means—a very different thing.'
—R. Browning.

An Important International Peace Congress.

The air has been so full of war and strife in different parts of the world, for the past three or four years, that we do not often remember that the great nations of the world have frequently met together through representatives, to denounce war and to recommend peaceful settlement of the most vital disputes. Or if we do recall one or another occasion on which such gatherings have taken place, it is apt to be with a sigh of regret or an exclamation of impatience that so little tangible result has come through all this effort.

As a matter of fact, however, these peace congresses have had deep and far-reaching results, for to-day, largely through their influence, war is unpopular. Public opinion condemns it; and though some of the best men of a nation may favor some particular war as the only possible way of obtaining what they conceive to be righteous and laudable ends, even they openly deplore it as a necessary evil, while from every quarter rise protests against the wastefulness, the misery, the wanton destruction involved in this barbarous means of settling international quarrels.

Another great peace congress is to be held in October, at Boston, Mass., which promises to be one of the largest and most important yet held, and we commend it to the interest of all our readers.

This will be the thirteenth international gathering of the kind, the second only on the continent of America, the other having been held at Chicago in connection with the Exposition of 1893. The first peace congress was held in London as long ago as 1843, and, though various nations had already their own societies, devoted to the cause of peace, the idea of an international conference of such workers was first broached by an Englishman, the well-known philanthropist, Joseph Sturge, who for years afterwards was one of the leading spirits in these meetings. At this first conference three hundred delegates were present, and of these it is interesting to note that thirty were from the United States whose peace workers had enthusiastically received Sturge's proposal, made when he was visiting in Boston a few years before. The next congress was held in Brussels in 1848, and as one of the leading figures there we find the staunch New Englander, Elihu Burritt. Paris, Frankfort and London saw the next three conferences, the greatest of all these early gatherings being that at Paris in 1849, when Victor Hugo presided over a convention of two thousand.

For some reason or other, though national endeavor in the interests of universal peace went on steadily, no international congress was held again till 1889, when an influential company again gathered in Paris. At all these early conferences the idea of a permanent court of arbitration was constantly urged, though this idea is often exclusively associated with the more official congress of governments at The Hague in 1899. Since the Paris congress of 1889, other international

gatherings have been held at Rome, Berne, Chicago, Buda-Pesth, Hamburg and Rouen, and still the movement grows.

Most of our readers will remember well that the conference at The Hague was called by the Czar of Russia, who this year stands in a vastly different pre-eminence among the rulers of the nations. At this conference no less than twenty-six states were represented, and a tremendous impetus was given the cause of universal peace. The immediate result of the conference was the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration, by which already a number of international quarrels have been settled, and to which doubtless more and more importance will be given. One whole session of the Peace Congress in Boston in October will be devoted to the work and influence of The Hague Tribunal.

The Boston Committee are sparing no effort to make the conference a success. They estimate that $20,000 will be needed to conduct the matter in a proper way, but already funds are being generously subscribed. As some of the Boston papers says: 'Peace congresses such as this would be cheap for twice the amount. Twenty thousand dollars would not buy one good-sized modern cannon and load it once.' 'This sum about equals twenty days' interest at six percent on the cost of one first-class battleship.' 'If we would spend a little more in educating our people in peace principles, we should very soon spend much less on guns and gunboats. Peace congresses are better—and cheaper.'

As Canadians and Britons, we have as deep an interest in the coming conference as our friends across the border. It is for us as individuals, in Christian organizations, and as communities to give this matter a large place in our thoughts and interests during the coming month.

Sowing and Reaping.

D. L. MOODY IN CHICAGO.

A man has got to reap more than he sows. If I sow ten bushels I expect to reap one hundred bushels. You know very well it takes a longer time to reap than it does to sow. I can sow in one day what it would take ten men to reap. And so it is in God's kingdom the same thing. While I stand on this platform to-night between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, there will be some man in this great city, I haven't any doubt, that will commit an act that will take him all the rest of his natural life to reap, to say nothing about eternity. It does not take a man a great while to sow a tare.

I have been forty years building up a Christian character. I can blast it in five minutes. It took years to build the Washington monument, but a little dynamite will tear it all to smithereens in a second. When a man once loses his character or his reputation, it is very hard to get it back.

I was preaching on this line of truth once when a man in the gallery dropped his head. He put his hands up to his face and sobbed aloud. He sobbed so loud that he disturbed some of the people around him. When the meeting was over a gentleman stepped up to him and said: 'You seem to be in trouble; can I help you?' 'No, sir,' he answered, 'no one can help me.' 'What is your trouble?' He pointed down to where I stood and said:

'What that stranger said to-night is true; every word of it. For years I held a high position. I had the confidence of my employers, but one night in a saloon, under the influence of liquor, I committed an act for which I was sent to prison for four years, four years with hard labor. I am just out. I called on my old employers the other day and they ordered me out of their place of business. They never wanted to set eyes on me. I have been hunting all over the town for work. Wherever I go and tell the truth I get nothing but a gruff answer. I met some young men on the street to-day that I am acquainted with, who held an inferior position to mine four years ago. I took my hat off and bowed to them, but not one of them returned the bow. It is all true, sir. It takes a longer time to reap than it does to sow.'

It does not take a man a great while to get down, but how long it takes him to get up! I haven't any doubt but what I am speaking to-night to some defaulter who has taken the first step down. If he goes on he is arrested, his character ruined, his reputation blasted, and he may never get it back again. It does not take long for a man to steal, to 'overdraw his account,' as it is termed. It does not take long for him to go into a saloon and gamble away his employer's money. It does not take long for him to stick his hand into his employer's till and take the money. But it does take a good while to get over it.

There was a man died in the Columbus (Ohio) penitentiary a few days ago who had spent thirty or forty years of his life in a narrow cell, and yet he was one of the millionaires of that state. Some thirty or forty years ago one of the great trunk roads came to the little town of Cleveland, as it was then a little town, and wanted to run its road through the outskirts. The farmers said, 'No, I don't want this farm divided.' He would not sell and he would not lease. The matter went into the court and the court appointed a commissioner to take the ground and assess the damages. Long after when the road had been built and the trains were running, some one put an obstruction on the line and there was a great accident. Lives were lost and suspicion fell upon that man. He was taken into court and tried and found guilty and sentenced to prison and hard labor for life. That little town has grown to be a big city. It has swept over his great farm, and he has been made a millionaire, but he was branded a criminal and died in his little narrow cell—a cancer released him. Perhaps it did not take him one hour to plan and execute that hellish act, but it took him a long while, to say nothing about eternity—it took him between thirty and forty years of this life. I am not preaching poetry to-night. I am preaching the most solemn truth there is in that book, and it ought to come home to every man here. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'

Missionary Qualifications.

We are frequently asked what are the necessary qualifications for missionary work. In an excellent article by Mr. Eugene Stock, which has recently appeared in 'The East and West' (England), there is the most succinct answer to this question that we remember to have seen: 'For the actual work of missions, it is important to "make choice of fit persons" to serve in the sacred ministry. But to judge by some recent comments, there is little appreciation of the care actually taken by the missionary societies in this respect. Qualifications physical—health and strength for a foreign climate; qualifications mental—sufficient at least to indicate ability to acquire a foreign language; qualifications moral—backbone of character, readiness to sink self; qualifications theological—knowledge of the Bible and intelligent Churchmanship; qualifications spiritual—a heart wholly given to Christ, and a life fashioned by his precepts and examples. None of these are forgotten in the society I know most about.' We believe that there are hundreds of Christians in England and America to-day who, if they read these few lines, would be compelled to acknowledge that God had granted them in fair measure to meet these necessary qualifications, and therefore to ask themselves, 'Why should not I go?' Will our readers help to bring these lines before the notice of suitable persons, especially 'young men,' and pray that the Lord of the harvest may send forth laborers into his harvest?—'China's Millions.'

When I Read the Bible Through.

(Amos R. Wells, in the 'Sunday-School Times.')

I supposed I knew my Bible,
  Reading piecemeal, hit or miss,
Now a bit of John or Matthew,
  Now a snatch of Genesis,
Certain chapters of Isaiah,
  Certain Psalms (the twenty-third!)
Twelfth of Romans, First of Proverbs,—
  Yes, I thought I knew the Word!
But I found that thorough reading
  Was a different thing to do,
And the way was unfamiliar
  When I read the Bible through.

Oh, the massive, mighty volume!
  Oh, the treasures manifold!
Oh, the beauty and the wisdom
  And the grace it proved to hold!
As the story of the Hebrews
  Swept in majesty along,
As it leaped in waves prophetic,
  As it burst to sacred song,
As it gleamed with Christly omens,
  The Old Testament was new,
Strong with cumulative power,
  When I read the Bible through.

Ah, imperial Jeremiah,
  With his keen, coruscant mind!
And the blunt old Nehemiah,
  And Ezekial refined!
Newly came the Minor Prophets,
  Each with his distinctive robe;
Newly came the song idyllic,
  And the tragedy of Job;
Deuteronomy, the regal,
  To a towering mountain grew,
With its comrade peaks around it,—
  When I read the Bible through.

What a radiant procession,
  As the pages rise and fall,
James the sturdy, John the tender,—
  Oh, the myriad-minded Paul!
Vast apocalyptic glories
  Wheel and thunder, flash and flame,
While the Church Triumphant raises
  One incomparable name.
Ah, the story of the Saviour
  Never glows supremely true
Till you read it whole and swiftly,
  Till you read the Bible through!

You who like to play at Bible,
  Dip and dabble, here and there,
Just before you kneel, aweary,
  And yawn through a hurried prayer,
You who treat the Crown of Writings
  As you treat no other book,—
Just a paragraph disjointed,
  Just a crude, impatient look,—
Try a worthier procedure,
  Try a broad and steady view;
You will kneel in very rapture,
  When you read the Bible through!

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Kitchen Quarrel.

There was a grave dispute going on, and high words might have been heard (by anybody whose ears were sharp enough to hear) between the two jars of Rice and Sago which stood side by side in the kitchen cupboard. The reason of it was the cook's cry when she came to get some rice for a pudding, 'Well, now, if this jar is not nearly empty, and rice only had in last week. But then it is not a wonder, when missus was a saying yesterday that she did not care how much rice was used, because it is the best thing for the children, and cheap, and no trouble either.'

The Sago fired up at this, for its own just rights, thinking that to put one thing up was as good as putting everything else down—a foolish mistake made in other places besides this kitchen cupboard. 'Hey-day!' it cried; 'and can't I feed people, babies and all, just as well as the Rice? If you only knew how much I am thought of in my own country, I should not be put aside like this!'

'Hoity-toity!' cried the Rice in return; 'you had better not give yourself such airs, especially when you know that I belong to one of the oldest families in the world. Didn't I feed the world ages ago before anybody ever heard of you?'

'Well, you don't carry the trace of your high birth at any rate,' remarked the Sago, 'and it's very fine for you to talk about antiquity when everyone knows you have got to be planted fresh every year, and then when you have done what is expected of you, you die, and there's an end of you.'

The Rice did not condescend to answer this, but took another line.

'And not only have I fed the world so long, but I feed so many. Two hundred millions of people and more eat rice and little or nothing else.'

'But look what a poor, meagre thing you are all the while,' said the Sago with contempt. 'Only a few feet high at the best, and with neither strength nor beauty, while I am tall, and strong, and stately, so that it does anybody good to look at me. Ah! if you could see me as I was in my early life, and know all I have gone through since, you would not wonder that my temper should be a little touchy now;' and the Sago forgot its present grievance, and began to grow quite sentimental over its reverse of fortune.

Let us look back a minute to the Sago's past years, and we shall think it was a change certainly.

It was once a beautiful palm tree in the Indian Spice Islands, not so tall as the cocoanut tree, but still forty or fifty feet in height; not stiff and firm, like our oaks and elms, but, though straight and upright, bending down gracefully in the breeze, and then rising up again. It had no branches on its stem, but at the top it was crowned with one tuft of feathery spreading leaves. Neither did it blossom every year, as our trees do, but only once in its life. It was the one great thing it had to do, and it took fifteen years getting ready—at the end of that time it flowered and died. Or at least it would have done so had it not been cut down first.

'What a pity,' you say; 'then it might as well not have lived at all.'

Not so; its true work was only just beginning. Men came and took out the pith inside the stem; then it was soaked and pounded, pressed, and baked in the sun or in the oven—not pleasant work, any of it, but necessary, and at last it made its appearance as sago-cakes, the chief food of the nations who live under the shadow of the sago palm-tree, never tired of by the old people, and relished by the children as much as bread and butter is with us.

If the sago is to be sent across the sea to other countries, it has still more to go through; when soft it is passed through a sieve full of small round holes, and that makes it look like little seeds just as this does in the jar before us. It is a sore change, is it not? After living in air, and beauty, and sunshine, to be shut up in a dark, stuffy kitchen cupboard.

Even the Rice melted into something like a fellow-feeling, and began to sigh in concert. 'Ah! it was very much the same with me. I, too, have known grievous changes, though my nature is very different from yours and my roots require to be soaked in water, or they would never grow, so I had a watery cradle. Then when I did shoot up I was left to blossom and bear fruit, but alas! my time of trouble came as yours did, only it was a little later. Just as I was beginning to look about and think I might enjoy life, I was rudely cut down, and then, to get the outer husk off, I was bruised and beaten much the same as you were. So as we are companions in trouble, I see it is no good to go to words, and we had better be friends.'

And so ended the quarrel in the kitchen cupboard, and they lived very happy ever after; at least till both Rice and Sago had all been turned into nursery puddings.

Well, the Rice and Sago had their bruisings and bakings, their pressing and pounding, and you and I as we go through life, shall meet with something of the same kind. But if only it makes us more useful, it will be well worth it all. If the bruisings bring out the heart's sweetness; if the fire melt what is hard there, and strengthen what is soft; if the rough husk is removed, that the true grain within may stand forth the clearer; if suffering makes us more fit for God's service here, and for the glory of God, then it will not have been in vain.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Only One Way is Right.

'My boy,' said Uncle Hiram, once, while giving me advice,
'The saw that doesn't wabble is the one that cuts the ice.
The saw that close applies itself within its narrow groove
Will soon or late fulfil its work by keeping on the move.
When halfway through temptation may beset it, like as not,
To leave the place that seemeth hard and seek a thinner spot;
But shifting saws will learn, at length, when failure they invite,
There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!

'And bear in mind, my boy, through life, if tempted tasks to shirk,
Success is but a second crop, the aftermath of Work.
A lubricator tried and true is Perseverance Oil,
And Fortune's smile is rarely won except by honest toil.
A safe cross-cut to Fame or Wealth has never yet been found.
The men upon the heights to-day are those who've gone around.
The longest way, inspired by the sayin', somewhat trite:
There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!'

I knew my Uncle Hiram had achievement's summit reached;
I knew him as an honest man who practised what he preached—
And so I paid the lesson heed, and rapt attention gave,
When, in an added afterthought, he said, 'My boy, be brave!
Act well your part; tenaciously to one straight course adhere;
Though men declare you're in a rut—work on, and never fear;
You'll realize, when you, at length, have reached achievement's height,
There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!'

—Roy Farrell Green, in 'Success.'

How Tom Went to the Academy.

"Deestisk school and 'rithmetic was good enough for me, and there ain't no sense in your X-Y-Z-in', anyway,' said Uncle Daniel.

'But I want to study philosophy and history, too, you know.'

'Yes, I know. You want to dress up in your go-to-meetin' clo's, and leave the chores for somebody else to do—'

'Why, no, uncle—'

'Yes, you do. Anyway, I hain't got any money to pay anybody's schoolin', 'specially for a boy who don't earn his salt.'

Tom, to the surprise of Aunt Mary, (he often surprised her) said not a word.

'The first boy who has lived with us for six months without getting into hot water,' she mentally expressed it; for Uncle Daniel was an unreasonable, close-fisted driver, always domineering, and particularly so to a boy, each year having a new one to 'do the chores,' giving him his board and twelve weeks' of winter schooling for pay. This year his wife's nephew, left an orphan, had come to them, and being their own, so to speak, had extra tasks put upon his young shoulders, in spite of Aunt Mary's mild protests.

'Tommy, if it's best, the Lord will provide a way,' she whispered, when she slipped into his room to see if he needed another blanket on his bed.

'Dear Aunt Mary,' was Tom's reply. But she had so cheered him he began anew to study how it could be done.

While he dreamed he was selling snowballs from door to door, he opened his eyes, and heard Uncle Daniel shouting:

'Get up, lazy-bones! It's five o'clock, and not a chore done!'

Tom soon had 'an idea.' Neighbor Johnson was over to transact some business with Uncle Daniel, and casually remarked, 'I'll soon have a horse to sell, for I'm going to give up my milk route. It doesn't pay to run a team for fifty quarts when I can get twenty-eight cents a can at the door.'

Tom, quick at figures, instantly thought, '8 into 28, 3½; 3½ from 6, 2½; 50 times 2½ is 125, and 7 times 125 is 875—eight dollars and seventy-five cents!'—and exclaimed:

'Oh, uncle!'

Uncle Daniel took no notice, except to say, 'You here? Just feed the pigs and the hens, and then saw wood till dinner time—an' be about it, too!'

'Uncle, how much do I earn, any way?' he inquired, a few days later.

'Earn? Why, you don't earn your salt!'

'All right, then. How glad you'll be to know that Mr. Johnson is going to sell me his milk, and I'm going to take his customers. I shall get $1.25 profit each day. $2.50 on Saturday, for I shall go twice instead of Sunday. So you will not have to support me any longer. Mrs. Johnson will board me for $2.50 a week, and Professor Morse has engaged me to ring the academy bell, morning and night, for my tuition.'

Amazed, Uncle Daniel stared at the boy of fourteen, who bravely looked him in the face. But he soon exclaimed:

'Humph! And do you s'pose you can run off like that—say, do you?'

'Why, yes, uncle. I don't earn my salt here, you know, and I will not live on you another week. Thank you very much for what you have done for me.'

Aunt Mary and Mr. Johnson were both of them there, and the man, though in a rage, realized how he had over-reached himself, and saw no way to recover lost ground, though he growled:

'Where are you going to get your team, I should like to know?'

'Oh, uncle, I am going to be milkman and team, too.' And in spite of all, he laughed long and merrily.

'Halloo! milkman,' shouted the academy boys, as Tom, after ringing the quarter-of-nine bell, joined them. 'Milkman, bell-ringer, beggar-man, thief!' cried the rudest ones. Yet, every week-day morning, at half-past five o'clock, Tom, with a hand-cart containing several cans of milk, his school books, and a besket of food left Farmer Johnson's.

It was down hill, and only a mile to the village, so Tom easily delivered the milk in time for lunch and the ringing of the bell, and then the remainder of the day was all his own. He went back to board with Aunt Mary at $2.50 per week. Another boy 'did the chores,' and Uncle Daniel had to pay him wages, while Tom, through his whole academy course, was 'milkman and team,' and saved quite a sum toward his college bills. Verily, where there's a will there's a way, and the Lord does provide.—'Our Young Folks.'

Ralph Wilson's Investment.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in the 'Christian Union Herald.')

It had been an exceedingly backward season. The mild sunny days of March had given promise of an early spring, but April and May had been cold and wet; it seemed almost impossible to get one's planting done.

'Never saw anything like this; not in my time!' 'Twas Ezra Hopkins. 'If It doesn't turn warm soon and get down to business—I pity the farmers,' and the village lounger gathered up a few bundles, and left his comfortable seat in the corner of the post-office, for 'twas fast approaching the noon hour; and Ezra Hopkins was never known to miss a meal.

When, however, the warm 'spell' came it came to stay, and the days that followed were busy ones for the men and boys of Welchville.

'It seems as though this year's planting and hoeing come right together; you don't finish one before the other's ready,' and Ralph Wilson stopped in the midst of the long and weedy potato rows and leaned lightly on his hoe handle. 'It takes hold of a fellow—so much work, and the heat coming on so suddenly before one's accustomed to it.'

He tood his hat off and wiped the sweat from his forehead with his rough and soiled hand.

'Farming's pretty tough, anyhow; wish—but what's the use of wishing! The work's got to be done, and I've got to do it! When we get the place paid for—we can hire somebody then.'

Once more he began cutting down the tall weeds.

'The five hundred dollars that pine timber brought will go a long ways towards it. I'll be glad when it's endorsed on the note; 'twill seem's though the place is really ours—more'n half, at any rate!'

Ralph unconsciously glanced up at the sun.

'Pretty near time for lunch! The days are awfully long when one's hoeing alone, and it's hard work,' drawing a deep breath. 'Wish I knew a faster way of getting rich; this is slow, up-hill business!'

On finishing the potato hills he was working on, Ralph threw down his hoe, and going over to an old apple tree where he had left a can of water and his lunch, untied the newspaper from around the bread and pie, and sat down to eat.

'There's one thing about it, hoeing weeds gives a fellow an appetite! But I can't get over wishing I had more money—or could make it faster. I'd like to see the place paid for, and not wait years for it, either!'

Reaching for the second sandwich his mother had prepared, Ralph's eyes fell accidentally on a paragraph under 'advertisements' in the bit of newspaper wrapper:

'THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFE-TIME!'

'Money doubled in three months. Safe, secure, reliable. Twice the amount returned at the end of ninety days for any sum invested. Don't delay! Deposit immediately!'

'What! Money doubled—in three months! That's before we're to pay the five hundred dollars—four weeks—and there'd be a thousand to pay; almost the entire amount due!'

Ralph excitedly smoothed out on the grass beside him the glowing newspaper account.

'Wonder if it's true; course it is—they wouldn't advertise if it weren't! Lucky I saw it before I took the pine money to the bank. Here's the chance—'

He suddenly checked himself.

'Wonder if mother'd—No; she'd think it a fraud! I mustn't let her know! When I take the money to the bank—I'll go to-morrow instead of Saturday—I'll get a draft and send it to —it's Mason Brothers, Brokers,' glancing quickly down the columns. 'And in three months—I guess she'll be astonished—mother will—to see a thousand dollars! Ralph Wilson, you're a lucky fellow to find that!'

The little farm at Welchville had been purchased on the instalment plan, three hundred dollars having been paid down—all that remained from the sale of their own thrifty farm, two years before, when Thornton Wilson had been compelled to move to a warmer climate. The change had done him little good, and on his death but a pittance remained of the amount their home had come to.

Mrs. Wilson had been advised by a friend of the family to go back to Welchville, and buy the old Hitchburn place.

'There's pine timber enough on it to pay nearly half the price demanded for the farm, provided its cut and sold. I don't believe you can do better than to take it—you can get it on easy terms.'

So the bargain had been concluded, and late that Spring Mrs. Wilson had received five hundred dollars for the timber she had sold; 'twas more than they had expected.

'Saturday it must go to the bank, Ralph,' suggested his mother, on receiving the draft. 'It's safe enough here long's it isn't in money; but I guess you'd better deposit it when you go to Lewiston.'

Ralph had planned to go at the end of the week, some things being needed on the farm that he couldn't get in the village.

'I think I'll go to Lewiston to-morrow,' announced Ralph. Thursday evening, feeling in his vest pocket to see if the precious item he had found in the paper that morning were safe. 'I've used all the fertiler up.'

'Don't forget the draft, then,' cautioned Mrs. Wilson, anxiously. 'I shall not feel safe till it's deposited.'

'I won't!' He took the pails and started for the well. 'She'll be surprised when she sees a thousand dollars payable to Ralph Wilson! And in three months, too!'

Early the next morning Ralph was off. No less than half a dozen times he took out the bit of newspaper and read the wonderful lines—'THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFE TIME!' Before leaving home he had addressed an envelope to 'Mason Brothers, Brokers.'

Going first to the bank, Ralph got a new draft made payable to Mason Brothers, which he sealed inside his letter. As he was leaving the steps he met Horace Noble, a neighbor's son about his own age.

'You aren't going round by the post-office, are you, Horace? I've got a letter I'd like to have mailed, and it is a little out of my way.'

'Can take it just as well as not; I've got to go into Jones's hardware shop,' replied Horace, accommodatingly, 'and its next to the post-office.'

'All right. I'll do as much for you some time,' handing him the letter, containing almost half the value of their little farm.

'Did you deposit the draft?' asked Mrs. Wilson, on Ralph's return.

'Ye-es,' slowly.

'How nicely we'll get along with so much ready to be paid on the debt!'

Ralph felt his face flush guiltily.

'Suppose—they shouldn't—be honest,' going to the shed for some kindlings. 'It would ——,' 'Twas something he did not wish to think about! 'But they are,' yet he felt uneasy—he almost wished the money were safe in the bank. But, then, one thousand dollars—how pleased mother would be! 'Twas worth taking a risk!

As the days went by Ralph became increasingly uneasy.

'I don't see why they haven't acknowledged it—the draft I sent! Oh, well, I suppose they're too busy, or it isn't their way. But I wish—they would!'

Mrs. Wilson noticed the change in Ralph; but she concluded the extra spring work he was obliged to do accounted for it.

A month after the draft had been mailed, Ralph took up the weekly paper for a few minutes, one evening, before going to bed. His face suddenly grew white.

'REMARKABLE FRAUD EXPOSED!'

'Hundreds of unsuspecting people cheated of hard-gotten earnings by a pair of cunning rascals, who have done a thriving business under the name of Mason Brothers, Brokers. The fraud has been unearthed, only after a loss to innocent victims of an amount reaching into thousands of dollars.'

A second time Ralph read the account with a dread fascination.

'Then it—it is lost—all that money!'

He had hardly strength to climb the stairs to his chamber.

'Are you sick, dear?' pressed his mother,

anxiously, the next morning. 'You don't look well. I'm sorry you have to work so—but you won't long. Think of the splendid instalment we'll have on hand, ready to pay down in August! And I'll have at least thirty dollars more to add to it by that time!'

Ralph tried to tell his mother of his investment, but he couldn't. He'd have to think it over!

'What will she say—and she trusted me; but I didn't mean to do wrong!'

For a week Ralph carried the miserable secret; but it was just as hard to disclose. He could hardly eat or sleep.

'I might have known better—that one can't get something for nothing! If I had only thought!'

Two days later, as Ralph started wearily for the field, he met Horace Noble coming hurriedly along the road.

'I don't know what you will say to me, Ralph; I never did such a thing before—but I just absolutely forgot!'

Ralph looked up puzzled.

'Last night's the first time I've had that coat on since I saw you in Lewiston, and when I put my hand in the breast pocket—I know you'll be indignant—I found—'

'Not that letter I gave you? Horace, you—you didn't mail it?' Ralph felt weak and faint.

'I knew you'd be—'

'I—I'm so glad,' interrupted Ralph. 'Then it—it's safe—the money!'

Horace in bewilderment handed him the crumpled letter addressed to 'Mason Bros., Brokers.'

'When I show it to mother,' taking it eagerly, and there was a ring of unmistakable thankfulness in Ralph Wilson's voice, 'she'll be pleased—more so than if 'twas the thousand dollars—for the amount in that envelope is honestly ours!'

Harry's 'Missionary Potato.'

'I can't afford it,' said John Hale, the rich farmer, when asked to give to the cause of missions. Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

'But the poor heathen,' he replied; 'is it not too bad they cannot have churches and school houses and books?'

'What do you know about the heathen?' exclaimed the old man, testily. 'Do you wish to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it.'

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and day after day puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilliing relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humor over the election news, he said:

'Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?'

'A potato!' ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

'Yes, sir, and land enough to plant it in and what it produces for four years?'

'Oh, yes,' replied the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing nine; those the following season, became a peck; the next, seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato has increased to seventy bushels; and, when sold, the amount realized was put with a glad heart into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed:

'Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there were a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered.'

Eleanor Mason's Habit.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in the 'Morning Star.')

'Now my belt's gone! Oh, dear! I wonder if it's fallen behind the bureau,' and Sarah Donnell lighted the gas, for 'twas a dull November afternoon, in search of the truant article.

'Found it?' asked Florence Tracy, absently, not taking her eyes from Lockwood's Psychology.

'No; and I had it on only yesterday. You recollect I wore it with my red waist,' and Sarah stopped to think a minute—perhaps she had misplaced it.

'Better ask Eleanor,' suggested Florence. 'She'll be in from physics presently. Ten to one, she's loaned it to Lena Lundy; I noticed her buckle broke in the German class this morning. Shouldn't wonder a bit but there's where you'll find it.'

'I presume so,' assented Sarah reluctantly, going to the closet for another gown. 'When will she learn the moral law governing another's rights! It isn't that she borrows for her own use. One could overlook that in her, but for her to take it upon herself to supply everybody else's needs—'

'From everybody else's belongings,' interrupted Florence, 'it's another matter!'

'She's good's an angel—better, for no angel would ever attempt to meet all its neighbors' wants—couldn't! But doesn't she see how she inconveniences her friends?'

'Doesn't seem to,' and Florence closed her book. 'I believe I've got that to a T—don't care how often Professor Dodge calls on me.'

'Isn't there some way of breaking her of—it—loaning other people's things—don't you s'pose? According to Dr. Haskell,' continued Sarah, 'we're in a way responsible. Remember he said three-fourths of our friends' faults we owe it to our friends to be instrumental in correcting them.'

'I agree with him,' responded Florence, 'but what can a person do? We've labored with her—coaxed, threatened, scolded, and tried to love her into being more considerate of others' property. 'Tis no use—the last stage of Eleanor's lending is worse than the first!'

The timepiece on the mantel ticked: ''Tis—so! 'tis—so! 'tis—so!'

'Hear that, will you?' laughed Sarah. 'Even the clock is denouncing the dear girl's misfortune—course it's a misfortune, a habit like that!'

'Well, I see plainly we've got to break her of it,' announced Florence, positively, 'and by vacation, too! You know she's going to spend the recess with me. Think what mother would say to find the cook wearing her new bonnet, or the milkman going his rounds in our coupé—he's always having accidents to his waggon!'

'Florence, you are enough to—'

'Cure a fellow's bad habits—especially if the said fellow is one of my dearest girl chums. But how?' becoming more serious. 'That is the question.'

'Thought of anything?'

'No—nothing that will cure. We've tried everything—how many times, don't tell me—that "Best Regulated Friendships" suggest. There's the bell! If I think of a remedy we will apply immediately—wholesale doses.'

Eleanor Mason's nickname among the girls of Madam Lizette's fashionable boarding school was 'Mother Confessor'—and 'twas no misnomer. There wasn't a girl in the institution after a two days' stay, but took all her perplexities and problems to Eleanor Mason for solution.

'I believe we ought to give her another title, no less appropriate than the one she now carries with such universal consent,' sighed Ethel Payson, a trifle impatiently, vainly attempting to find her fountain pen with which to sign an express receipt. 'How would "Comforts Distributer" do, girls?'

'Splendidly!' exclaimed Grace Richmond. 'But why do the girls take her comforts when they know—every one of them—that each comfort received adds discomfort too—Goodness me! I've got that new Miss Miller's watch—had it all day! I wanted to know—mine is at the jeweller's—the exact time to go to the station to meet father on his way to New York, and Eleanor no sooner heard me say so than she ran across the hall—Miss Miller was at breakfast—and took her watch, a dainty little thing, from her bureau. I intended to return it as soon as I got back from the station. What will she think of me?'

Eleanor was so sympathetic, and desirous of gratifying every one's slightest wish, she never stopped to consider the inconveniences she was subjecting some one else to in her anxiety to render assistance.

'Found your belt?' asked Florence, coming in from recitation.

'Yes. Helen Randall had it. She didn't know 'twas mine; thought 'twas Eleanor's. She'll be more enlightened after she's been here a while.'

'No—she won't have a chance. The remedy's to be applied to-night—and 'twill cure.'

'Fee—fi—fo—fum, I smell the breath of failuredom!' hummed Sarah pessimistically. 'You know the "Catch your rabbit before—"

'Just see!'

'Well?'

'There's a reception to-night.'

'Yes.'

'The waiters from the dining-room are to serve.'

'So I understand.'

'Eleanor has an entirely new outfit to wear—she receives for the Seniors.'

'Yes; and it's a beauty! Not the Seniors—you know what I mean.'

'And Miss Clark, the new waiter, has Eleanor's form in every outline.'

'You—you don't mean—'

'I do,' interrupted Florence. 'Just that! In fact, I've seen the girls and everything's arranged. You didn't suppose it took me since four o'clock to come from class! I've had plenty of time to plan. Professor Dodge couldn't meet his class to-day.'

'Her gloves, dress, slippers, flowers—everything, is in Grace Richmond's room. All we have left that she can get her hands on is that tailor-made gray woollen. And she won't stay away—not Eleanor! She would not shirk a duty; she'd perish first!'

'Florence!'

'I know it's a severe remedy. But the disease—it demands heroic treatment!'

'But what will she say to the new girl, Miss Clark?'

'Nothing. We just loaned her the things—that's all. Ours wouldn't fit, you know. Eleanor and the new waiter wear skirts inches longer than ours.'

'Girls, girls!' called Eleanor, in great dis-

tress, that evening after supper. 'What do you suppose—' as the floor quickly filled with the girls on her floor. 'My dress, gloves—should be charged to our own account—that everything!' and with a look of inquiry and distress she sank helplessly on the bed.

'Somebody loaned them? No; that couldn't be, for no one but you—' and Florence felt a tinge of remorse, as she noticed the pathetic appeal on Eleanor's face.

'But something's left—the new organdie! Wear that,' suggested Grace, innocently. 'It's too late to investigate now; we'll find them in the morning. You'll have to be in your place on the reception committee in less than an hour.'

'Wear your watered silk, or the white muslin, either is pretty enough,' urged Ethel Payson.

'But—look!' pointing to the wardrobe. 'It is empty—only the heavy gray woollen!'

'Somebody must have loaned everything—the wretches!' exclaimed Mattie Kilgore, with false sincerity, 'which no one could detect from the genuine article,' laughed Sarah afterwards. 'It's bad enough to loan from every one—it's worse to take all a person's got—it's criminal!'

'Well, if I must, I must,' stoically, and Eleanor slowly arose from the bed, and took down the tailor-made suit from the hook.

'Don't you suppose she mistrusted?' whispered Grace, who had followed Florence and Sarah to their room.

'She was so surprised I don't imagine she mistrusted anything—only realized that the things were gone. And she's doted for days on wearing that new dress—it's a perfect lyric!'

'I hope I can see her expression when she discovers Miss Clark.'

'And the others,' added Florence. 'Every waiter who can, is going to wear something. Cora Knight, the organdie; that little dark McClure girl the light blue muslin—won't she be a sight! I wonder she ever consented to do it. She wouldn't if it hadn't been for Ethel Payson. You know she sent Miss McClure fruit when she was sick last spring—she'll do anything for Ethel now.'

'I tell you, girls,' exclaimed Sarah, an hour later, to the little coterie of conspirators, as they stood unobserved, watching Eleanor receive, 'that girl's a queen! Notice how well she carries herself in that awful dress—the grace! You'd think her in royal robes!'

'"Kind hearts are more than coronets."'

'With all her faults I love her still,' hummed Florence.

* * * * * * * *

'We just loaned them—the waiters hadn't anything half so pretty,' explained Grace and Florence, after the reception, laying on Eleanor's bed the armfuls of dainty garments. 'Just a matter of accommodation,' you know.'

'Did you scold? Will she ever speak to us again?' excitedly asked the girls, who had gathered in Sarah's room to await the leading conspirators.

'No—and yes. Of course she'll speak to you—that wouldn't be Eleanor. But she's cured.'

'We've been every whit as much to blame as she, come to think of it,' defended Sarah stoutly. 'If we hadn't been glad enough to receive she wouldn't have loaned. The partaker's as bad as the—lender!'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Twin Tunnels.

A WONDERFUL FEAT OF MODERN ENGINEERING.

(The New York 'Christian Herald.')

Twenty-five years ago such a feat of engineering as that required in completing the tunnel under the North River would have been an impossibility, at least so it is said by men well versed in the knowledge of such work. To-day the tunnel is almost complete, and the work is done, as far as making the long passage which connects the two cities, New York and Jersey City, is concerned.

Some fifteen years ago, an English company contracted to build this tunnel, and succeeded in making an excavation until a point was reached where the river broke through its bed, flooded the tunnel and also drowned a number of workmen. When the present company, of which Mr. Charles M. Jacobs is the head engineer, took charge, the flooded tunnel was pumped out. This done, all the wonderful aids to a work of this kind, which were the result of applied modern science, were brought into requisition. Starting from a point in either city, so accurate were the engineer's calculations, that in time the two ends of the tunnel squarely met and were joined together.

The processes by which this stupendous work was completed are intensely interesting. Operations have been carried on not only under the river, but under the river's bed, which, unlike its watery level surface, is very uneven, and jagged in outline, and as a great deal of the substance was solid rock, and a mixture of clay and stone almost as solid, the undertaking was one of much difficulty. In bridge-making, where the foundations must be laid away under water, caissons are used, under which the men work in excavating. These caissons are like an inverted dish, and are held down by great weights and pressure, the men being supplied with air from shafts, down which the breath of life is forced by engines upon the surface. The earth and rock dislodged by the men is shovelled under other shafts, where the suction from above is so great that it is all carried to the surface. But in excavating for the tunnel under the river, the work had to follow horizontal lines, necessitating a caisson which worked on the same principle as that used in bridge building, but with different adjustments. As fast as the men blast, dig and disentegrate the earth, they are followed by a tub-like arrangement, with doors (which would be in the bottom if it were a tub), through which they creep to and from their labors. Another aperture gives egress to the accumulated earth and rock, which is shovelled through and taken away on cars to the mouth of the tunnel and then hoisted to the surface.

In turn, this tub-like caisson is followed by men who are riveting in their places great, heavy segments of the finest steel, which, put together, form the whole lining of the inner circle of the tunnel. As the caisson advances, in some places masonry is built around it, to be in turn covered with the steel segments, and in others, the solid rock makes this work unnecessary.

Sometimes difficulty is encountered, where the bed of the river sinks almost to the level of the tunnel. At one time, it looked as if the experience of many years ago was to be repeated; but when the water began to percolate through, the men sprang through the man-holes, locking the door, and thus their lives were saved. These locks occur at frequent intervals throughout the length of the tunnel, and make the work much less dangerous, as each section can be closed independently. The leak from above was stopped by dumping scow-load after scow-load of clay and stone in the river, and filling up the depression in the bed. Then the flooded compartment in the tunnel was pumped out and work resumed.

The caisson is kept in its place and pushed along by compressed air as the excavating allows. There never will be danger of anything from the outside penetrating the steel lining of the twin tubes, the engineers say, or of anything from the inside getting out, except by way of the entrances at either end, for this heavy steel lining has tremendous resisting power.

In his office on the surface of the ground, and directing the movements of his workmen behind the caisson, who are delving into the bowels of the earth below, sits the man whose brain directs the great engineering work in every detail. The air pressure, and all the mechanical arrangements, are regulated by telephone calls between the office and the workmen. But who are these men behind the caisson? Not mere diggers and delvers, such as may be seen by the thousand toiling in the city streets, grubbing and ditching. These men in the tunnel are skilled mechanics, trained workers, inured to hardships such as those who have never worked under or behind a caisson little dream of. They must not only understand their business, but they must know when to quit, for even their strong and vigorous bodies would succumb to the dreaded 'caisson disease,' which is the inevitable result of too long a stay in the compressed air, in which the work of excavating must be done. Four hours is the limit of a day's work. There have been no accidents since the tunneling has been under its present management. The electric lights in the tunnel are sufficiently powerful to turn the darkness of the interior into daylight. The tunnel will be completed and opened to the public in about one year, when from one hundred and one hundred and fifty thousand passengers can be transported daily between the two cities.

The tunnel is about one mile in length, and will cost about $6,000,000. It will be equipped with the latest improved electric cars, running at frequent intervals through the twin tubes, and the moving throngs who daily journey between New York and New Jersey will find ample and safe transportation.

A drinking man can stay in a church or even in a pulpit, but he cannot stay in a bank. Is money more valuable than morals.—'Tennessee Methodist.'

In Fair and Stormy Weather

A lady who had forsaken God and become an infidel was crossing the Atlantic Ocean. She asked a sailor one morning how long they would be out. 'In fourteen days, if it is the will of God,' he answered, 'we shall be at New York.' 'If it is God's will!' said the lady. 'What a senseless expression! Don't you know that all comes by chance?' A few days after a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror. The same sailor came by. 'What do you think,' she said to him: 'Will the storm soon be over?' It seems likely to last some time, madam.' 'Oh,' she cried, 'pray that we may not be lost.' His reply was, 'Madam, shall I pray to chance?'

LITTLE FOLKS

Henry's Mistake—A Fact.

(By Anna D. Walker).

Henry was a bright little lad of about ten when this incident hap pened.

Henry's mamma had some flowers in pots set up on a board, and the board was balanced across a bench.

'Henry,' said the mother, 'I want all these flowers carried to the garden, and you can do it. Take one from one end of the board, and then one from the other, and so keep on until all are removed.'

The little lad was willing and cheerful about work, but some times thought he knew better than his mother, and in this case he very soon said to his sister:

'Josie, I can't see any sense of walking back and forth so much, I'm just going to take all the pots from one end, and then all from the other end.'

Josie said nothing, and the wise little boy proceeded to do the work in his own way. From one side only he took down the pots of flowers, consequently he had not worked long ere there was a great crash, the board, pots and flowers, all came tumbling down together. Pots were broken and valuable plants were destroyed. Out came the mother at the sound of the crashing pottery, and she soon discovered the cause of the noise.

'What does this mean?' she cried, pointing to the confused pile of debris.

'It all fell down together,' answered guilty little Henry.

'Because you disobeyed me, said the mother, pointedly.

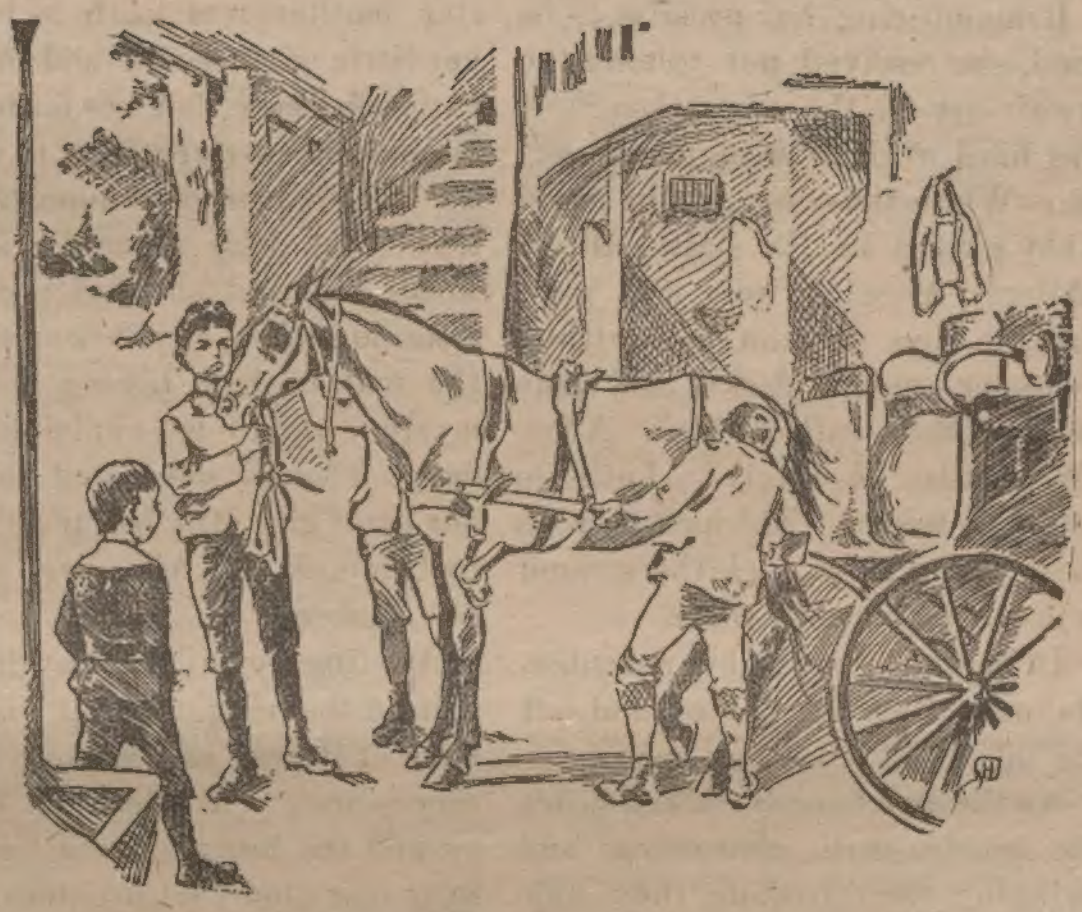
Henry could not say nay to this; he only stumbled out:

'I—I thought it—it would be just as good that—that way.'

'You are a perverse little boy!' exclaimed the mother as she led him away to punish him.

The rod was not spared to the spoiling of the child that time, but happily, for Henry, he remembered this event in a helpful sense, and tried after that time to better obey his mother.

—'Christian Intelligencer.'



How Nelly Shook Hands.

Charley, my brother, was out driving in the country when a stranger stopped him by exclaiming 'Hello! that used to be my horse!'

'Guess not,' replied my brother; 'I bought her at a livery stable, and they told me that she came from Boston.'

'H'm!' said the man; 'what do you call her?'

My brother answered that the horse was sold to him under the name of 'Pink.'

'Ho!' said the man, 'that isn't her name.'

Suddenly he cried out sharply, 'Nelly!'

Quick as a flash, the horse pricked up her ears and looked around.

'Nelly,' said the man, stepping in front of her, 'shake hands!'

Up came the horse's right hoof for the man to take.

'Now, give us the other hand Nelly,' and she raised her left forefoot. 'There!' said the man, smiling, 'd'ye s'pose that wasn't my horse once?'

That horse had had a kind master.—C. Fay, in 'Our Dumb Animals.'

Mamma's Ring.

'Alice, dear, mamma wants you,' came from the foot of the stairs, and Alice, running and leaning over the railing at the top, cried out:—'Yes, mamma, what is it?'

'I have just had a telegram from your grandpa saying grandma is very ill. Papa thinks we had better drive out at once. I don't like to leave you alone all day, Do you think you can manage to stay here alone all day with Bridget?'

'Yes, mamma, I'll be all right, I'll be just as good as good.'

'Very well, then, come and kiss mother good-bye and be sure not to be naughty.'

Alice was a bright little girl of seven summers and was noted for her truthfulness, though she was sometimes guilty of disobeying her mother.

She was very fond of pretty things and mamma's stock of pretty jewellery had often amused her for hours, but one day when handling the pretty things she had accidentally dropped a valuable brooch down the register into the furnace. After that her mother forbade her to touch the jewel case at all.

On this particular day when Alice was left at home alone with Bridget, the cook, she became lonesome and wandered through the various rooms of the house until she came to mamma's dressing-room. Before the dresser she paused, looking longingly at the fancy oblong glass jewel case. Soon she noticed that her mother had in her haste forgotten to fasten the little catch that

secured the lid. She thought there could be no harm in lifting the lid to take just one peep.

Remembering her promise to be good, she resolved not to take the jewels out of the case, though it was hard work to keep her fingers off. While thus engaged she heard a boy's voice in the hall calling: 'Alice! Alice! Where are you? Bridget says we can go nutting. Get your tam and basket and come on.' 'Oh!' called back Alice, 'Won't that be lovely? Let's go to Paul's woods. The hickory nuts there are so large and the ground is just covered with them.'

In her hurry to join her neighbor-playmate Roy she ran off and left the lid of the jewel-box open.

As the two friends walked down the garden-path chattering and swinging their baskets, they stopped for a few minutes to talk to Polly, the pet crow, who had her nest in the top of a tall spruce tree that was one of a pair standing on either side of the gate. But Polly was in a sober mood to-day, and soon put an end to their teasing by flying off in high dudgeon to her nest in the top of the tree.

As they watched her go Alice said to her companion:—'Father thinks those trees are too close together and wants to cut them down. He says they'll make good Xmas trees, but I think it would be too bad to spoil Polly's nest.'

A few hours afterwards they came back from the woods with their baskets full of the delicious nuts and Alice had to tell her father and mother of all the fun they had had that afternoon.

'Have you been a good girl, Alice?' father asked.

'Yes,' answered Alice, 'just as good as could be all day. I didn't do one naughty thing.'

Then she got a hearty kiss from her father and mother. She really thought she had been good. She had forgotten all about the jewel case.

Next day when mamma went to dress to go to an evening party, her opal ring was not to be found, though she felt quite sure she had left it in the jewel case the morning they had driven out to grandpa's.

Alice was called and questioned and though she admitted opening the lid and looking at the jewels she tearfully denied handling them. Her mother was loath to believe her little girl would add untruth to disobedience, but her father was inclined to be stern and to punish her for what he considered an untruth; but Alice adhered so stoutly to the fact that she had not lifted a single article, that her mother let the matter drop hoping that the mystery would be explained some day. Though she hated to doubt her little girl still her trust in the truthfulness of Alice was a little bit shaken.

As time went on, nothing was seen of the ring. What had become of it was as complete a mystery as ever. Winter was coming on and the lost ring was forgotten in preparation for Christmas.

One morning her father told Alice he was going to cut down the two spruce trees in front of the house. One of them he was going to keep for their own Christmas tree, and the other he intended to give to a neighbor.

Alice watched from the window in great glee as the sturdy blows of the axe ate into the large round trunk of the tree. Soon the tree was lying prone on the ground, and Alice watched her father lean over to pick up something that seemed to have fallen out of the tree.

'Oh, mother! It's Polly's nest! It's Polly's nest! What a pity!'

Then her father excitedly held up something between finger and thumb, and called to Alice to come to the door, that he had found something for her.

Wondering what it could be, Alice raced off, and when she got there, what do you think it was? Why, the opal ring, of course. Polly, the pet crow, must have flown in at the open window, and picked it out of the jewel case, and then carried it to her nest.

'Why didn't we think of that before?' said her mother, when everybody knows that crows are all fond of anything bright and pretty.

In the nest was also found the handle of an old tea-cup and some shining bits of broken dishes.

And then mother gave Alice a big hug for having told the truth about that jewel box after all.

A Cat Story.

(Child's Companion).

A lady had a cat of which she was very fond, and whose dinner was regularly provided by the cook buying a liver for her once a week. This was cut into seven pieces, one of which was given to the cat every day.

It so happened that puss's mistress was taken ill, and confined to her bed. No sooner did the cat miss her kind friend than she made her way to the bedroom, and, jumping on the bed, she licked her mistress's face and hands, showing in every possible way her affection and sympathy.

After a time a thought seemed to strike her—perhaps her mistress was hungry. Rushing to the door, she waited impatiently until it was opened. The moment this was done she rushed down-stairs, and, to her mistress's surprise, returned almost at once with a piece of liver in her mouth, which she laid on the bed, and seemed to wish the invalid to eat.

This was the last piece of her week's supply, and puss was evidently quite willing to give up her food that day for her mistress. But her gratitude did not end here. The next day she seized the next week's supply before the cook had time to divide it, and, rushing upstairs, laid the whole of it on the bed at her mistress's disposal. Surely no cat could do more, and it may be doubted whether many people would do as much.

Shadi's Prayer.

A missionary lady had a little Hindoo orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him: 'Now pray a little prayer of your own.'

And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was this: 'Dear Jesus, make we what you were like when you were six years old.'—Child's Gem.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 2.

Elisha Succeeds Elijah.

II. Kings ii., 12-22.

Golden Text.

Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me. II. Kings ii., 9.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 26.—II. Kings ii., 12-22.
Tuesday, Sept. 27.—II. Kings ii., 1-11.
Wednesday, Sept. 28.—I. Kings xix., 15-21.
Thursday, Sept. 29.—Josh. i., 1-11.
Friday, Sept. 30.—Matt. iv., 18-22.
Saturday, Oct. 1.—Ex. xv., 20-27.
Sunday, Oct. 2.—Is. xli., 10-21.

12. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces.

13. He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back, and stood by the bank of Jordan;

14. And he took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters, and said, Where is the Lord God of Elijah? and when he also had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither: and Elisha went over.

15. And when the sons of the prophets which were to view at Jericho saw him, they said, The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha. And they came to meet him, and bowed themselves to the ground before him.

16. And they said unto him, Behold now, there be with thy servants fifty strong men; let them go, we pray thee, and seek thy master: lest peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley. And he said, Ye shall not send.

17. And when they urged him till he was ashamed, he said, Send. They sent therefore fifty men; and they sought three days, but found him not.

18. And when they came again to him, (for he tarried at Jericho,) he said unto them Did I not say unto you, Go not?

19. And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my Lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren.

20. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him.

21. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land.

22. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

On September 11 we learned of the close of Elijah's career on earth, by his being carried into Heaven in a chariot of fire. To-day we take up the eleven verses immediately following that lesson, and dealing with the opening of the work of Elisha as the successor of Elijah.

According to the common reckoning, Elisha began his own separate work about 892 B.C., though the exact date is not known. He seems to have begun his prophet's work while Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, was still living, and in the reign of Jehoram, son of Ahab, King of Israel. He was a contemporary of four kings of Israel.

Elisha was a native of the Jordan valley, a little south of the Sea of Galilee. He was a farmer's son, and was called to his life work while ploughing. He does not seem to have possessed the rugged, fiery nature of Elijah, but was none the less a strong character.

Ahab is now dead, but Elisha finds Israel still following after evil.

ELISHA ASSURED.

12. 'And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces.'

When Elijah was about to be taken from earth and away from his servant and disciple, Elisha, he asked what he could do for him, and Elisha had asked for a double portion of Elijah's spirit. Elijah had not definitely promised it, but had told him that, if he saw him when he was taken away, his prayer would be granted. Our lesson opens with the granting of that prayer.

Assurance that one's course is right, that his work is acceptable, that he is saved, is not always granted in such sudden and clear a fashion as this assurance was given to Elisha. God is not restricted to a single rule in his dealings with men. To some he may grant a large knowledge and sight, others must live by faith; but in each case his grace is sufficient.

Elisha was entering upon a great and important work, and God saw fit to give him clear assurance of his fitness for it at the very outset.

Elijah had been as a spiritual father to Elisha, and in his mingled grief over separation, joy over the fulfilment of his prayer, and wonder at the scene presented, he cries, 'My father, my father,' and further, as though to express his satisfaction and assurance, he adds, 'the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.'

When the sight at last faded away, and He realized that he was alone, he rent his clothes, the usual means of expressing grief.

HE PROVES GOD'S PRESENCE.

13. 'He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back and stood by the bank of Jordan.'

14. 'And he took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters, and said, Where is the Lord the God of Elijah? and when he also had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither: and Elisha went over.'

Elisha had been given the assurance of the double portion (that of an eldest son) of Elijah's spirit, but what did that mean? could he work miracles as Elijah did? The Jordan had been divided by a miracle wrought by Elijah as the two men walked together for the last time, shortly before. Could he, too, with the mantle of the great prophet, divide its waters? He cried, and the waters parted. The God of Elijah was with him to do the works that Elijah had done.

THE NEW MASTER ACKNOWLEDGED.

15. 'And when the sons of the prophets which were to view at Jericho saw him, they said, The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha. And they came to meet him, and bowed themselves to the ground before him.'

These sons of the prophets, knowing, as we saw in the former lessons, that Elijah was about to be taken from them, had, from a distance, looked after the two prophets in their walk from Jericho to the Jordan. As they see Elisha returning alone, they see in him the prophet who is to take Elijah's place and who now becomes their own leader.

It was more than a mere notion that impelled them to exclaim that the spirit of Elijah was now upon Elisha. The spiritual vision of these men, who had foreseen that Elijah was to be taken from them that day, enabled them to perceive that the power of God that rested upon Elijah was now upon his successor.

ONE WAY OF TREATING DOUBTS.

16. 'And they said unto him, Behold now, there be with thy servants fifty strong men; let them go, we pray thee, and seek thy master; lest peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley. And he said, Ye shall not send.

17. 'And when they urged him till he was ashamed, he said, Send. They sent therefore fifty men; and they sought three days, but found him not.

18. 'And when they came again to him, (for he tarried at Jericho,) he said unto them, Did I not say unto you, Go not?'

In the reason given for attempting a search for Elijah we have a peculiar case of inconsistency. These men had the foresight to know that Elijah was to be taken away, yet they could not comprehend that it was a final departure. Nor did it occur to them that, if God had thus miraculously removed his prophet to another place, Elijah would be safe and not in need of their assistance.

Elisha at first refuses to allow them to go, but seeing that, after all their reverence of him as their spiritual leader, they do not accept his word, he bids them to go and search. After wasting three days they return only to be quietly reminded of their disregard of their chief's advice.

The less one's faith and true spirituality, the more apt is he to go astray and to spend useless effort to settle doubts that should never have arisen.

THE WATERS OF JERICHO HEALED.

19. 'And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren.

20. 'And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him.

21. 'And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land.

22. 'So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake.'

Elijah was a man of God for great emergencies and deeds; Elisha was a man of God for the more common, everyday matters of life, for the help and council of men in their ordinary affairs.

We find him in this case sought after because a spring was bad and injured the very ground it watered. Elisha takes a new cruse and salt in it, perhaps meant to typify a new nature for the water and its purity thereafter, and cast the salt into the spring, declaring it healed in the name of the Lord.

To this day travellers drink of a spring of pure water near Jericho, believed to be the very one healed at this time.

Elisha was thus both proving his God given power, and also doing good among the people. This miracle was a foreshadowing of his life work.

The lesson for October 9, is 'The Widow's Oil Increased.' II. Kings iv., 1-7.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 2.—Topic—How we are in training to succeed others. Deut. xxxiv., 7-12; Josh. i., 1, 2.

Junior C. E. Topic.

JOSEPH'S LAST DAYS.

Monday, Sept. 26.—Joseph the governor. Gen. xlvii., 13-26.

Tuesday, Sept. 27.—Jacob's last days. Gen. xlvii., 27-31.

Wednesday, Sept. 28.—Jacob's farewell to Joseph. Gen. xlviii., 1-9.

Thursday, Sept. 29.—Blessing Joseph's sons. Gen. xlviii., 10-22.

Friday, Sept. 30.—Death of Jacob. Gen. xlix., 28-33.

Saturday, Oct. 1.—Jacob's funeral. Gen. l., 1-13.

Sunday, Oct. 2.—Topic—Joseph's last days. Gen. l., 7-26; Heb. xi., 22.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Temperance

Authoritative Quotations.

(The 'School Physiology Journal.')

The entire human organism springs from cells; if the integrity of any organ suffers, the whole organ suffers in its functional activity.

By microscopic research it has been shown that the living cell and its protoplasm undergo pathological changes and fatty degeneration which prevent their normal growth and transformation into healthy tissue. These occur in persons who have taken moderate doses of alcohol, and are produced in health. They must occur more extensively and more forcibly when the body is suffering from disease.—J. W. Grosvenor, M.D., Buffalo.

Without protoplasm, under the influence of alcohol, breaking down (catabolism) exceeds building up (anabolism).—E. Claude Taylor, M.D., F.R.C.S.

Professor Victor Horsley has shown that quite a small dose of alcohol carried to the brain has an effect on the cells of the brain which is never completely got rid of. By paralyzing the cell centres, alcohol robs a man of the control of certain of his lower faculties. This is the explanation of the glib tongue, and the muscular action of the drunkard.—McAdam Eccles, M.D., F.R.C.S.

As little as one drop [of alcohol] in a quarter of a pint of water can exert an adverse influence on the growth of protoplasm. The same effect is seen on the growth of geraniums, plants watered occasionally with water containing 1 percent of alcohol soon beginning to droop and wither.—J. J. Ridge, M.D., London.

The only rational explanation of the greater longevity of abstainers over moderate drinkers, as shown by thirty-four years' experience in a British life insurance company, is that the result of drinking alcohol is to produce gradual degeneration of various organs and tissues to carry on their functions or resist the attacks of disease.—'British Medical Temperance Review.'

All the cells and tissues of the body are surrounded by membranes, on the integrity of which the silent work of building up the body depends. Alcohol, by its power to coagulate albumen, condenses, thickens, and clogs these membranes, thereby hindering the endosmosis and assimilation of nutrient materials, and the exosmosis or excretion of broken-down, retrograde products and toxins from the body.—E. Stuver, M.D., Ph.D., Colorado.

The Price of a Father.

(Julia F. Deane, in the 'Union Signal.)

An idle group of men sat drinking in Bill Henry's barroom, when the door was pushed open and two little figures tugging at a big basket made their way into the room.

'Are you the salesman?' Barbara caught her breath with a quick gasp as she asked the question. 'I'm Barabara Dabney. James Beecher Dabney, he's my father, and this is Joan, my little sister. We've come over to see you about buying back our father, you know. We haven't so very much money in all in our banks. Get 'em Joan.'

Joan dived into the bottom of the basket and produced two iron banks that rattled with their wealth of copper coin. 'Here they are. This is mine and this one's Joan's—she saves more'n I do. And if that's not enough, there's lots of other things in here,' Barbara added quite out of breath.

A queer looked passed over the man's face. The men in the room had stopped their talking and laughing to listen.

'What is it all about?' the man asked rather gruffly. 'What is it you want for all this trash?'

''Taint trash,' said Barbara with spirit. Then more mildly, 'it's this way. We want our papa back as he used to be. Folks they say that he owed you something, and then to pay it he jes sold hisself to you, and now you get all his money and everything and his brains, too. That's what they said, ain't it?' And she turned to Joan. Joan nodded a solemn 'Yes.'

''Taint far from wrong, either.' It was a man's voice from the other side of the room that spoke.

The saloon keeper scowled. 'You've got it mixed some way,' he said. 'I don't own your pa, and if he comes in here for a drink now and then, 'taint my fault and I can't help it. That's just business.'

'Here he is now.' The voice from the other side of the room exclaimed. And there stood James Dabney looking with amazement at the two small girls. The voice broke the silence that followed his appearance:

'They're your'n all right, Jim. It's no vision you're seeing. They've come to make a bargain with Billy here for you, and to give up all they've got to buy you back—what there is left of you—but Billy here, he says he don't own you. Now's your time to speak up like a man. Say, is Billy right? Don't he own you?'

Jim Dabney's face flushed. Then it grew pale and stern, as the whole situation flashed upon him.

'No,' he almost thundered, 'he don't own me nor does any other man,' and glaring about him defiantly, he hurried the two little girls out of the door, grasping in a strong hand the big basket.

That very night Jim Dabney stood on his feet in a gospel temperance meeting and repeated the words in a manly voice.

'No, sir, that saloon-keeper doesn't own me any more, nor does any other man. I learned something this afternoon from my two blessed lassies. I ain't my own to sell for beer or whiskey. I've been bought with a price, and I ain't no business to sell myself or give myself away for nothing. After this, if the Father up there'—he raised his hand toward Heaven—'will help me, 'I'm goin' to count on being owned first by him, and then by those two blessed youngsters and their mother.'

Barless Hotels Prosper.

It is frequently said that no first-class hotel can't be run without the sale of intoxicating liquor. To show that this is an erroneous statement we need but to recall the fact that two of the best hotels in this country—the Lake Mohonk in New York and the Poland Springs House in Maine—sell no liquor whatever. There are other well known hotels in Maine where no attempt is ever made to violate the law, but we make special mention of the Poland Springs House which has always been owned and managed by the same family and which has been widely known for many years and exceptionally well patronized. The Rickers, owners and proprietors, are among the wealthiest and most highly respected people of the state. In an entirely different section of Maine there is a larger hotel where liquor has been sold in years past in defiance of law. Three years ago the Ricker Hotel Company bought this house and it is now run on the same temperance principles as the Poland Springs House. The receipts from this hotel for the first year nearly doubled those of the other previous years under the former management. It is a shameful commentary on the people to say that hotels cannot do a successful business without selling liquor, especially as the people include women and children and also many men who never taste intoxicating liquor at home or elsewhere.—'Union Signal.'

An Aid to Curing Alcoholism.

We believe that the best authorities are generally sceptical as to there being any sure cure for confirmed habits of inebriety, unless the effort in that direction be aided by a very strong exercise of the will of the unfortunate subject of this bad habit.

There are, however, many remedies recommended as aids in diverting or, in a minor degree, satisfying the appetite for strong liquors, which are undoubtedly of great advantage in some cases; and one of these is thus recommended by a self-styled 'rescued man':

'I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. When I left off, I felt a horrid want of something I must have, or go distracted. I could neither eat, work, nor sleep. Explaining my affliction to a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a decoction of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a very little water, and to drink it down every time the liquor thirst came on me violently. I found it satisfied the cravings, and it suffused a feeling of stimulus and strength. I continued this cure, and persevered till the thirst was conquered.

'For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it. I have no temptation to take it.

'I give this in consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by means which I no longer require.'—'Scientific American.'

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.
Publishers 'World Wide.
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,
Please send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge for one month, to

Name _____

Address _____

_____

'World Wide' has been recommended to me by

Rev., Dr., Mr., Mrs. or Miss

_____

_____

who knows 'World Wide' by reputation or is a subscriber.

The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 10, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Battle of Liao Yang—History Believed to have no Parallel to the Contest of Liao Yang—The Springfield 'Republican.'
An Appeal to Buddha—Heroes of Japan—Special Correspondent of the 'Standard,' London, with the first Japanese Army.
At the Front with Kuroki—Special Correspondence of the 'Standard,' London.
American Politics—Taking Sides and the Single Term Principle—'Collier's Weekly.'
Canada's Duty on Rails—The 'Sun,' New York.
First Atlantic Turbine for Canada—'Daily Telegraph.'
Khartoum Revisited—By C. A., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The United Free Church's Reply to the Imputations of Harsh Treatment of the Free Church—The 'Times,' London.
The Visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the United States—The New York 'Churchman.'
Girl-Life at Bournville—C. F., in the 'Christian World,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Wood Engraver and the Process Plate—The 'Sun,' New York.
Japanese Musical Instruments—The 'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

At Night—Poem, by Edmund Vance Cooke, in 'Lippincott's.'
In August—Poem, by William Dean Howells.
Morality—Poem, by Matthew Arno'd.
Criticism as She is Written and Read—By Lee W., in 'T.P.'s Weekly.'
Holidays—The Sameness of a Change—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
'The Wells and the Pools'—By Dr. George Matheson, in the 'Christian World,' London.
'The Last Hope'—Merriman's Last Novel—English Papers.
Chekhov, a Russian Master of the Short Story—By Sophie Witte, translated by Herman Bernstein, for the New York 'Evening Post.'
The Man Hobbes—By Herbert Paul, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Talking 'Shop'—The 'Spectator,' London.
Dr. Johnson, the Lexicographer—By John o' London, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Instinct—By John Burroughs, in 'Outing,' New York.
The Romance of Gas—The Birmingham 'Daily Mail.'
Mr. Balfour on the Future of Science—The 'Spectator,' London.
'Automobiling' on the Water—'Public Opinion,' New York.
Technical and University Studies Should be Kept Apart—The New York 'Post.'
The Transmission of Electric Power—'Electricity.'
Science Notes.

Correspondence

Algoma, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school every day. I have to walk two miles and a half. My sister goes, too; she is only six. I am in the third grade. I had a good time in the holidays. Grandpa and I went picking blueberries. We had to go up a lake. There were five of us in the boat, three girls and a boy and grandpa. I got a lot of waterlilies. When we got back to the landing two other girls and I started to fish, and we caught three rock bass. We had to carry our berries a mile from the lake. Our teacher's name is Mr. B. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I like to go. The church is about a mile from our place. We have to go on the railway. We are going to have a new school erected, as there are too many for one school. I would like to see a letter from Mabel Moore. DORA L. S.

Iroquois, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have seen but one letter from Iroquois, and that was not from a pupil in my school. My home is on the bank of the beautiful St. Lawrence river, and I have done a great deal of boating this summer. A little friend and myself have gone in bathing several times. I enjoy it very much, but I have not learned to swim yet. Iroquois is a very pretty place in summer, but rather cold in the winter. I was thirteen years old on June 19. I passed the entrance examination this summer, and am starting high school. Our Sunday-school has fifteen teachers. My father is superintendent, and he attended the recent world's Sunday-School Convention held in Jerusalem. He enjoyed the trip very much indeed. AMELIA E.

Westmount, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and like it very much. I have been to the country this year, and helped to put out a big woollen mill that was on fire. I have just begun to collect picture post-cards, and would like to exchange some cards with the readers of the 'Messenger.' We have a few pets, as follows: two rabbits, two gold fish, four canaries, a kitten and a squirrel. I have three sisters and three brothers.

F. T. L.

Northcote.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live in the country, about ten miles from the town of Renfrew, and five miles from Douglas. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and we all enjoy reading it very much. I have never seen any letters from Northcote. The nearest place anyone wrote from was Beachburg. The girl's name who wrote was Bertha A. We have got a library in our school, and I have read the following books: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Tanglewood Tales,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Stepping Heavenward,' 'Maggie Millar, 'The Indian Cottage,' 'From Log Cabin to White House,' and a few others. The annual Sunday-school convention was held at Douglas this year, on June 3. The Rev. Mr. Y. addressed the children with a speech on 'Ship Signals.' Northcote school won the flag last year for being the cleanest and most improved school in the County of Renfrew. There are about fifty pupils attending the school in summer. We have an organ in our home. I have taken one term in music. I like driving horses very much, but I have never learned to ride a wheel. My birthday is on February 8, and my sister Margaret's is on August 22. I hope you will accept me as one in your circle. CLARA E. B. (aged 16).

P.S.—If you want to be unhappy, just think about yourself.—C. E. B.

West Head,
Cape Sable Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible, and I was very much pleased with it. It is a nice one for so little work. E. E. N.

Lacolle, Que.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I am twelve years old. My father is the Church of England minister here. I am in the first grade model school. I have a brother and sister, named Harold and Jane. I am the eldest. We had a little sister called Rachel, but she only lived three days. I know lots of little girls, and I love babies, because they make me remember Rachel. I was only five or six years old when she died, but I remember it very well, because I often think of when I was a baby, and I get mamma to tell me what I do not remember, and then I imagine it. We are going to have a lawn social, and I am going to it. We are also going to have a bazaar. The social is given by the Ladies' Guild. My sister Jane passed her examinations after missing half a term at school. I am going to try and pass next year if my health allows, for it is never of the best. However, I can learn easily, which is a great help. If I cannot go to school, I will study at home. Don't you think that it is easier to learn French, Latin and Greek when they are stories; instead of sentences. I find it easier to read a French newspaper than to learn a sentence at school, and I can read some of a Latin Testament that my father has. Which way do you think is easiest for children to learn? I am taking your advice, and writing a long letter. I hope it is not too long; tell me if it is. I will be thirteen on August 31. Good-by.

ADA D. M. (aged 12).

P.S.—My mother wanted me to tell you this story; she thinks it rather queer. We were going to visit our cousins at a place twenty-two miles from here. We stopped for dinner half way there, and a lady gave me some peacock feathers. Coming home, we had our dinner there again, and when we were resting, before starting for home, Jane called us to the window, and we saw the peacock (a young one without a tail) up in our carriage walking around the peacock feathers, and examining them. He seemed to be puzzled to find where they grew from. At last he jumped down and walked away. A. D. M.

(We like long letters, Ada; yours is none too long.—Cor. Ed.)

THE RUNAWAYS.

Once there were two little girls named Ada and Jane. They had often gone to Montreal on the train. One day Ada told Jane she was going to walk to Montreal, and Jane said she wanted to go, too. So they ran off to the railway station, half-a-mile from home. Then they went on the track and started to walk towards Montreal. When they had gone two miles a freight train came in sight. They were so frightened that they jumped off the track and rolled down the embankment. When the train had passed, they crossed the track and started to walk home another way. Having gone about half a mile, they came to a stream. It was too wide for them to jump across and too deep for them to wade across. So they sat down on a stone, and ate some biscuits they had brought with them. Then they saw two men coming along the track. At first they thought they were tramps, and then they saw the men were their father and the station-master. They carried home two tired, hungry and dusty little girls. When they arrived home Ada and Jane were given their dinner and put to bed, and they never tried to run away from home again. Afterwards, when Ada was older she used often to think how good God was to take care of them and send their father to find them. And Jesus found Ada afterwards, and is her best Friend now and for eternity. I hope that the boys and girls who read this story will take him for their Best Friend. ADA D. M.

Home Influence.

President Franklin Carter of Williams College, commenting on prayerful home influence in the 'Independent,' says: 'A truly Christian home can send a boy into college to be an attractive and momentous force for good for all who know him. To be cheerful, but not flippant; gentle, but not compromising; loving, but not yielding; pure, but not austere; reverent among the careless, serious among the frivolous, and studious among the distracted, self-denying among the self-indulgent. Shall we not all agree that the holiest, loftiest success in life is that enjoined by these relations; that no failure in all the reach of effort or knowledge can be compared to that which may be unfolded within the circle of a Christian home?'

The Impulse of the Home.

To be a mother of a Phillips Brooks, a James Hannington, or a Reginald Heber; to be the father of an Adoniram Judson, a David Scudder or a John Paton; is there any comfort or joy or splendor that can rest on any Christian home comparable to the knowledge that a son has entered into such a fellowship with the Master. It is in such lives that the college and church reach the zenith of their great glory, but it is in the Christian home that such lives must take their impulse.—Ex-President Franklin Carter in 'The 'Message of the College to the Church.'

Genteel Gambling.

Thirteen women were arrested in a Chicago pool room the other day. They were gambling. How far morally were they distant from thirteen other women gambling over card tables in somebody's elegant parlor? How long will it take to get from the parlor table to the pool-room-table? They were married women. Three were between thirty and forty, seven between forty and fifty, and three were over fifty years old.

History of the Dairyman's Daughter.

The Rev. S. Marsden was appointed colonial chaplain to New South Wales. The vessel in which he sailed to his appointment was detained, by contrary winds, over a Sabbath at the Isle of Wight. He was invited to preach in one of the churches. His text was 'Be clothed with humility.' Among his hearers was a thoughtless girl, who had come to show her fine dress rather than to be instructed. The sermon was the means of her conversion. Her name was Elizabeth Walbridge, the celebrated dairyman's daughter, whose interesting history by the late Rev. Leigh Richmond, has been widely circulated in various languages to the spiritual benefit of many.—The 'Christian Herald.'

Sunshine as You Go.

(John M. Baker, in the Philadelphia 'Ledger.')

Oh, the world has need of sunshine as you go,
For we often see the tears of sorrow flow.
You can haste that coming day
When they'll all be wiped away
If you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

You can labor for the Master as you go;
Plant the precious seed, and he will bid it grow;
Toiling on what'er betide,
With the Saviour by your side,
You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

You will meet with many trials as you go;
There will be some self-denials here below;
But keep looking still above,
And remember God is Love,
While you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.

Equal parts of ammonia and spirits of turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry or hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, and then wash out in soapsuds.

For Cleaning Bottles.—Common tacks are useful for cleaning carafes and bottles. Put a few of these—broken ones will do—in the bottle with a little soapy water and shake briskly. The sharp edges will scrape off all the stains.

To Remove Ink Stains.—While fresh, soak in milk, using fresh milk as it becomes discolored. If the stain has been allowed to dry, use salts of lemon, first wetting the spot, then rubbing the salts on and rinsing well with cold water. It may sometimes be necessary to repeat the process.

Equal parts of lime water and sweet oil well mixed will form a kind of soap which is very efficacious in taking out or removing inflammation, as well as healing wounds that have been caused by burns and scalds.

The Family Altar.

The family altar, around which so many fond memories cluster, has in these busy days, been crowded out of our homes. It has been said that not even one out of every ten of the families that make up our churches, have worship in their homes. We hear much said of the important part secret prayer and meditation play in our Christian lives, and, indeed, we cannot live correct lives without them, nor can we afford to neglect another duty just as important: in fact, the two are not often separated; where souls commune with God, there, almost invariably, a family altar is found.

When we think how much this duty is neglected in the many so-called Christian homes, it is not strange that the children grow up without intelligent knowledge of God and his word. The church may cry out against incoming wrongs, but until the home sets up a true standard of life, little lasting good can be done. It is here that life has its beginning, that character is formed. Here we find the individuals that make up the church. There is no surer way of determining the future life of the church than to learn the life of the home. We would hardly expect to find a Moses in a home where there is no teaching of God's word, or a Timothy where the spirit of religion did not pervade all the early home life. 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' is spoken first of all to the parents to whom is given the sacred charge of sowing the first seeds of character, of giving the first ideas of obedience, love and reverence to others, and above all, to God.—'Herald of Truth.'

Charlotte Russe.

Charlotte russe is a form of whipped cream mixture prepared with cake. Whip a pint of cream to a stiff froth. Soak a half ounce of gelatine in three tablespoonsful of cold water for half an hour, then dissolve it with two tablespoonsful of boiling water. Add to the whipped cream a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and teaspoonful of vanilla. Then turn in slowly the dissolved gelatine, beating all the time. When it begins to thicken turn it into a mould which is lined with cake, or into a glass or silver dish.

Orange Jelly.

There is not much that is new in the way of making orange jelly, but this way of serving it, in sections, is comparatively novel, and for that reason is worth noting: Soak one and one-quarter tablespoons granulated gelatine in one-quarter cup cold water and dissolve in three-quarters cup boiling water; add one-half cup sugar, three-quarters cup orange juice, and one and one-half tablespoon lemon juice. Remove pulp and juice from oranges by making a small hole at the stem end and introducing handle of spoon. Refill skins with mixture and set in cold place to chill. When ready to serve, cut in halves, and then halves again in thirds.—'Boston Transcript.'

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER

FACTORY is now being removed to more commodious and suitable premises.

THE OLIVER is the most largely sold typewriting machine in the world to-day.

THE OLIVER is a Canadian machine through its inventor, and its being manufactured in Canada as well as in the United States.

THE OLIVER, being manufactured in Canada, pays no duty as all other Standard machines do.

THE OLIVER is the **Standard Visible** writing machine,

The record of THE OLIVER has never been equalled.

Active and reliable agents are wanted, to whom will be given steady employment if found competent.

You should send for our SPECIAL OFFER.

CANADIAN OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
TEMPLE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 30c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies (excepting Cuba), Great Britain, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Honkkong, Cyprus, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

While the Publishers of the 'Messenger' exercise all possible care in excluding from its columns all financial and other advertisements of a doubtful or suspicious nature, and in accepting only such as they believe to be genuine and bona-fide, it must be understood that they in no way guarantee these advertisements, and must leave their readers to exercise their own discretion in the way of putting faith in them.

GINSENG Fortunes in this plant. Easily grown. Roots and seeds for sale. Room in your garden. Plant in Fall. Booklet and Magazine 4c.
OZARK GINSENG CO., DEPT. V, 20. JOPLIN, MO.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

HIGH SPEED ENGINE
FOR SALE.

A 45 h. p. Laurie High Speed Engine in very good condition, will be sold at a bargain, as she is being displaced by a larger engine.

Cylinder, 9 inches diameter.
Stroke, 15 inches.
Revolutions, 250 per minute.
Fly Wheel, 4 ft. 6 in. diameter.
Driving Wheel, 3 ft. diameter, 13 in. face.

Apply to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

ENGINE FOR SALE.

A Brown Engine (Thomson & Williams, makers, Stratford, Ont.), in constant use but being displaced by a larger plant, will be sold just now at a bargain, 70 to 100 Horse Power.

Cylinder, 15 inches diameter.
Stroke 34 in.
Revolutions, 80 per minute.
Fly Wheel, 10 feet diameter.
Driving Wheel, 5 ft. diameter, 14 in. face. Address

"Witness" Office, Montreal.

BOILER FOR SALE.

Gilbert Boiler, 12 feet by 4½, allowed 80 pounds pressure by Montreal Boiler Inspector, to be sold at a bargain, as it is being replaced by higher pressure.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Corner Craig and St. Peter Streets,
MONTREAL.

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid, **16 Handsome Collars** to sell at 15c each. They are beautifully made of silk and lace, in the very latest style, and are fully worth 25c. You have only to show them to sell them. With each **Collar** we give a certificate worth 50c, **FREE**. When the COLLARS are sold, return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **beautiful little Lady's Watch** with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the Collars and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **free in addition to the watch** a handsome gold finished **ring** set with a **large, magnificent Fire Opal** that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the Collars in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address **THE HOME ART CO., Dept. 431, Toronto.**

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'